Coridon and Parthenia.

The Languiſhing Shepherd made Happy.

Or, Faithful Love Rewarded.

Being a moſt Pleaſant and Delectable New Play Song.

Here mournful Love is turn'd into Delight,
To this we a Chaſt Amoriſt Invite;
Where Charming Beauty rules its Pow'rs like Death,
To Save or Murder with the ſelf ſame Breath:
The Noble Swain, whoſe Youthful Love hath won
So many Nymphs, by Loves was here undone;
Languiſhing faint, on the Cold Ground he lies,
Until the Sun-ſhine of *Parthenia's* eyes,
Diſſolv'd the Cloud that did benight his Bliſs,
And turn'd his Torments into *Paradiſe.*

To the Tune of, *When buſie Fame, &c.*

WHen buſie Fame o'r all the Plain,
Parthenia's Praiſes rung,
And on the Oaten Pipe each Swain,
the matchleſs Beauties Sung:
The envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield,
she had the fweeteſt face,
No Emulous Diſputes were held,
but for the Second place.

Young Coridon whoſe ſtubborn heart,
no Beauties o'r could move,
But ſmil'd at Cupids Bow and Dart,
and hated the God of Love:
Who'd view this Nymph, and pleas'd at firſt,
ſuch Silent Charms to ſee,
With wonder gaz'd, then ſigh'd and curſt,
his Curiosity.

Crying alas, I am undone,
ſo Powerful are her eyes,
Thoſe killing Charms prevail above,
and all my thoughts ſurpize:
In coolest ſhades fierce feavors burn,
martyr'd by Love I lye,
And now except Parthenia Turn,
and ſmile on me I dye.

My Vows be here for ever laid,
and on this Verdant Plain,
Beneath this ſpreading Pirtle Shade,
till death I muſt remain:
My Snowy Flocks may freely ſtray,
whilſt here I gazing lye,
And dare not move from hence away,
for if I do I dye.

Parthenia cruel Nymph, no more,
turn hence that Angel face,
Which Coridon muſt ſtill adore,
as chief of Mortal Race:
Oh! from the Groves ſad Eccho's ſound,
and lay in vain I try,
Nay, ſtill augment the Fatal wound,
I muſt Loves Martyr dye.

What doleful Tunes 'mongſt pleaſant Reeds,
my Bleeting Flocks complain,
Whilſt wolves invade them as they feed,
all ſcatter'd through the Plain:
Here Chain'd by Love, by cruel Love,
on earth I mourning lye,
And though my Couch ſweet Violets prove,
yet Languiſhing I dye.

Whilſt in ſad ſtrains the Winged Quire,
my doleful Requies Sing,
And Chaunt how I for Love expire,
unto the blooming Spring:
Let purling ſtreams likewiſe declare,
as they run murmuring by,
How for Parthenia I deſpair,
and thus deſpairing dye.

Parthenia.

Oh hark, what ſad Laments are theſe,
what mournful ſounds are here;
What dying Sounds my fancy frees!
what ſighs invade my Ear?
'Tis this Pirtle Grove I'le ſeek,
'tis ſure ſome Lover nigh,
I'le find, and to him Comfort ſpeak,
before for Love he dye.

Oh it is Coridon, kind Swain,
from whence proceeds your grief?
Coridon. By you I wounded here remain,
'tis you can yield relief:
Conquer'd by your prevailing Charms,
and by your ſtarry eyes,
For you unleſs you raiſe my Arms,
a faithful Shepherd dies.

Parthenia.

Alas poor Swain, for me I ſwear,
by Cupid all above,
You ſhall not languiſh nor diſpair,
but firſt enjoy my Love:
Coridon. Parthenia kind, 'tis ſure I dream,
O Angel form draw nigh,
Speak, ſpeak again that ſaving Theam,
that will not let me dye.

Parthenia.

Riſe Shepherd, riſe, and freely take,
ſince thou doſt conſtant prove,
Thoſe chaſt delights, which for thy ſake,
I have deſign'd in Love:
Coridon. Oh I'm ſo Ravisht with this voice,
that dangers I deſie,
Mild in Parthenia's Love rejoyce,
which will not let me dye.

Parthenia.

Come, come, my Coridon, let's haſte
unto yon pleaſing Bower;
For Lovers ſhould no moments waſte,
whilſt joys in plenty ſhower:
But folded in each others Arms,
loves utmoſt Forces try;
Whilſt warbling notes augment our charms
and we in pleaſure dye.

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